

PEMBROKE PFOPLE.

Quite a Colony of Good Citizens Coming Here.

There will be quite a colony of Pembroke people in Hopkinsville after the first of the year. In fact some have already come and others are busy hunting houses.

Mr. Jos. Quarles came over some time ago and is with the Forbes Co. Mr. J. W. Petrie has taken rooms at St. Charles Court.

Circuit Court Clerk elect Walter A. Radford is hunting a house and

HOLLAND'S

OPERA HOUSE

TUESDAY, NOV. 23.

The Black Patti Musical Comedy Co

PRESENTS

The Topical Musical Comedy Success

"A TRIP TO AFRICA"

WITH

Sissieretta Jones (The Original Black Patti)

AND

"Jolly" John Larkin

Together With The Largest, Best, Strongest Aggregation of Colored Talent in The World. / Half Lower Floor for Colored People

Positively the Best!

Unreservedly the Supreme Organization. PRICES 25, 35, 50 and 75cts.

A Woman Wants

The Home Paper



MAKE HER HAPPY BY TAKING IT THE YEAR ROUND

A Penny Saved Is A Penny Earned

A DOLLAR SPENT AT HOME Is a Dollar That May Come Back to Your Purse

WHERE HEALTH AND PLEASURE MAY BE FOUND!

DAWSON SPRINGS, KY.,

HOTEL - ARCADIA.

THE waters are world wide in the celebrity. The Hotel with a capacity to take care of 200 people, is situated on the Kentucky Division of the I. C. R. R. about 200 feet from the railroad station surrounded by a beautiful maple grove. The old chalybeate well is in the yard, and the celebrated salts well about 100 yards from the Hotel. The wells are owned by the Hotel Arcadia and the guests of the Hotel have free access to them. Music is furnished by a String Band during the entire season.

....RATES....

\$2.00 per Day. \$10.00 per Week. \$35.00 per Month

Children 10 Years and Under \$5 00 per Week. Nurses and Maids \$1 00 per Day.

For further particulars apply to

N. M. HOLEMAN & CO., Hotel Arcadia. Dawson Springs. - - - Kentucky.

We Are Here to Do Your Printing

We Have a Large Assortment of Type Ready to Serve You

WE PRINT

What You Want, The Way You Want It And When You Want It

PROGRAM.

Second Congressional District Teachers Association November 28.

10:00-10:20, Devotional Exercise—Rev. C. N. Wharton, Morganfield. 10:20-11:00, Good Cheer—N. C. Hammack, Supt. of Union County, and Hon. P. B. Miller, Morganfield. 11:00-11:20, Is Our Curriculum the Most Practical for Present Conditions?—Supt. W. E. Bohannon, Uniontown.

11:20-11:40, Discussion. 11:40-12:00, Announcements and Business.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON—1:30 O'CLOCK. 1:30-2:00, Why Does the Boy Leave School? How Retain Him?—Supt. C. E. Olsen, Hawesville. Prin. Delmont Uley, Madisonville.

2:00-2:20, The Correlation of the High School with the College.—Supt. McHenry Rhodes, Owensboro.

2:20-2:40, Discussion.

2:40-3:10, Why is Kentucky Not in the Lead Educationally? What May We Expect in the Next Decade?—Sen. J. J. Watkins, Sturgis.

3:10-3:20, Discussion. 3:20-3:40, The New School Law as Related to the Teachers and to the County Superintendents.—R. L. Allen, Supt. Daviess County, Round Table, (If time Permit.)

How Stop the Cigar-ette Evil. 3:40-4:00, Kentucky Neglects her Children.—Supt. Thos. H. Smith, Sturgis.

SATURDAY MORNING AT 9 O'CLOCK. 9:00-9:20, Devotional Exercise.—C. W. Knight.

9:20-10:00, Business Meeting.

10:00-10:20, Politics and the School

—Supt. J. W. Welch, Henderson. 10:20-10:30, Means of Securing Thoroughness.—Miss Myrtle Cella day, Madisonville.

10:30-10:40, The School Improvement League—George Carrier, Henshaw.

10:40-11:00, The State Teachers' Association.—Supt C. E. Dudley, Pembroke. Adjournment.

Peary's Story.

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE has closed a contract with Commander Robt. E. Peary for the exclusive periodical rights to his own story of the discovery of the North Pole. The commander was unwilling to make any business arrangements of any kind until his claims of discovery had been passed upon by the National Geographic Society, the highest authority in America. He submitted all of his proofs to this organization and on November 3rd they were formally accepted and Peary was voted a gold medal. This left him free to choose from the many offers that had been made him by the magazine publishers and book publishers. The December HAMPTON'S has a very illuminating article on "Peary—the Man and His Work," and the North Pole expedition articles by Commander Peary himself will begin in the January number and continue for eight months or more.

Good Dramatic Criticism.

The late Richard Mansfield always felt that he owed more to the wise discernment and staunch support of the THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD than to any other agency, outside himself, that contributed to his ultimate triumph as an actor. Ask any disinterested observer of the atrial matters today who is the best dramatic critic in Chicago, and ten to one he will say James O'Donnell Bennett of the CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD. Mr. Bennett is unquestionably the leading critic in his domain in the West. He writes with a fearless fairness and a keen appreciation of real merit that makes his articles a genuine force for the betterment of the stage. His knowledge of the history and principles of dramatic art is sufficient to lend depth to his utterances, yet he has the newspaper man's knack of making his work breezy and interesting for the average man and woman. His columns are always newsworthy as well as reliable in their judgments. Anyone who will follow the dramatic, musical, literary and art departments of the CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD from season to season need have no fear about keeping abreast of all that is latest and finest in the movement of modern culture.

Hopkinsville Market.

Corrected Friday, Sept. 24, 1909.

[THESE ARE RETAIL PRICES.]

Groceries.

Country lard, good color and clean, 16c per pound

Country bacon, 16c per pound

Black-eyed peas, \$2.75 per bushel.

Country shoulders, 14c per pound.

Country hams, 20c per pound

Northern seed Rose potatoes, \$1.00 per bushel

Northern eating Burbank potatoes, \$1.00 per bushel

Northern eating Rural potatoes, \$1.00 per bushel

Yellow eating onions, \$1.20 per bushel

Red eating onions, \$1.00 per bushel

Dried Navy beans, \$3.40 per bushel

Tennessee cabbage, in crates, \$1.25.

Dried Lima beans, 53 4c per pound

Country dried apples, 10c per pound

Country dried peaches, 10c per pound

Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound

Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound

Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound

Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.

Sweet potatoes, \$1.50 per bushel.

Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c

Fruits.

Lemons, 25c per dozen

Navel Oranges, 50c per doz

Bananas, 20 to 25c doz

New York State apples \$5 00 to \$6.50 per barrel

New Vegetables.

String Beans 10c gal

Potatoes, Irish, 5c peck

Poultry.

Spring Chickens 30 to 35c

Dressed hens, 13 to 15c per pound;

ressed cocks, 6 to 10c per pound;

live hens, 9c per pound; live cocks, 5c pound; live turkeys, 12 to 15c per pound

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots

Fresh country eggs, 20 cents per dozen

A good demand exists for dressed chickens, turkeys, geese and choice lots of fresh country butter

Young dressed shoats, 7c a pound

Hay and Grain.

Choice timothy hay, \$12 \$13

No. 1 timothy hay \$11 to \$12

No. 2 timothy hay, \$10.50

Choice clover hay, \$11.00

No. 1 clover hay, \$10.00.

No. 2 clover hay, \$8 00.

Clean, bright straw hay, \$4.00.

Alfalfa hay, \$16 00

White seed oats, 50c

Black seed oats, 45c

Mixed seed oats, 40c

No. 2 white corn, 75c

No. 2 mixed corn, 73c

Winter wheat bran, \$24.00

Chops, \$34 00.

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$6.00 lb.

"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.40 lb

Wayapple, 4c; pink root 12c and 13c

Tallow—No. 1, 4c; No. 2, 3 1/2c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 21c; Clear

Grease, 25c. medium, tub washed, 33c to 35c; coarse, dingy, tubwashed, 18c to 23c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 32c;

dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c;

gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern

green hides 9 1/2c. We quote assorted

ots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.

Hallowell's patent gape extractor

for removing gape worms from the windpipes of young chickens, for sale at this office at 10 cents each.

THE MODEL AT VIVON'S ATELIER.

An Incident That Ended In Her Leaving the Sky Parlor.

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER.

The model at Vivon's had fainted.

It was in the middle of the morning

sitting, the very apex of intensity in

the lesson. Little Vivon moved lightly

and restlessly here and there from one

cushion to another, his small, black eyes

mere high lights of sparkling eagerness

under their heavy brows. He smoked

his short, thick pipe and glanced from

the charcoal studies to the slim white figure on the platform.

The sunlight poured full into the

long, bare atelier. Suddenly the model

swayed ever so slightly and sank to the floor.

Some of the girls gave quick, frightened

cries, and Jean Laurier glanced up with

a smothered exclamation of angry dismay

over his unfinished sketch. From the first easel to the

right of the platform the American student,

Hal Crane, sprang to the platform and

raised her head on his arm. It was such a

young head. The loose, warm tinted hair

lay softly against his shoulder, and he

noticed for the first time how thin the small, piquant face

was.

Vivon hopped excitedly the length of the

room and waved his small plump hands for

order. "It is nothing," he said. "She is

fatigued, it is so warm. Can you carry

her, M. Crane?"

Could he carry her? Crane smiled

grimly as he raised the slender figure in

his arms. Why, his little sister Bess,

back in Crawfordsville, Mo., was heavier

than this. He followed Vivon from the

atelier away from the battery of amused,

curious eyes to the artist's private den.

"Ma foi," laughed petite Yvette, her

eyes narrowing critically, "that was not

bad, that last. I think I shall faint,

too, and let the gros Crane waltz me off

in his arms."

Laurier leaned lazily over her shoulder

and scribbled a rough caricature on the

corner of her paper. "Like that?"

She boxed his ears soundly and

reached a growly little hand after the

box of bonbons Elsie Tiot was passing.

The model was forgotten.

"Lay her there," Vivon nodded to a

corner divan in the inner studio heaped

high with pillows, sketches and costumes.

Crane ruthlessly pushed the latter off

with his foot to make room for his

burden. He laid her down gently

and held to her lips the glass of water

Vivon brought.

"It is just faintness, yes?" asked

Vivon anxiously.

Crane stared thoughtfully at the

white face among the pillows. He had

been hungry once back in the first

days of the battle. The little home in

Crawfordsville had sent him out to the

great city of his dreams, and only

long afterward had the fight been his

own. He thought he recognized the

look that comes to those who are

tracked by the wolf.

"I think that she's just about starved,"

he said bluntly. "Get some wine or

something."

Vivon obeyed. The American had a

way that made men obey.

"Who is she?" asked Crane when he

had managed to get a few drops of

wine between the pale lips.

"One of Ribaut's models," Vivon

answered nervously. The sounds from

the atelier were not conducive to peace

of mind. Yes, she was a new one. Ribaut

had sent her to him yesterday, and he

had engaged her for the pose, the grace,

the turn of the head, that line from the

tip of the ear to the slope of the shoulder.

She did not pose for the life classes,

merely for drapery and the pose effective.

And the name—it was in his notebook.

He took it out and read from the latest

entries: "Virginia Wade."

"American?" asked Crane, using

more wine as he saw a flutter of the

eyelids.

"But, yes," Vivon shrugged his shoulders.

"When they come over and are poor

they must do something. Some are so

proud they hide away and starve, and

some put up the grand fight."

"Where does she live?"

Crane glanced up. The little artist

had gone back to the atelier as a fresh

crash sounded, with Yvette's peal of

laughter ringing above it.

When the girl's eyelids opened he

smiled down at her in a friendly fashion.

"Feel better?"

"I guess so." She hesitated and

added, with a scared look in her dark

eyes, "Did I faint there?"

"Oh, yes; that was nothing! Lots

do." Laurier had said the American

had reduced cheerful living to an art.

made him whistle as he went down two flights three steps at a time. When he returned he carried her down to the carriage with a masterfulness that asked no permission, and she did not demur when he took the seat beside her.

It was not hard to find her "sky parlor," as Crane called it mentally, off the Rue des Coeurs Chaires. He called there the next evening, and she met him at the head of the dusty landing with a shy dignity and led the way into her attic apartment as if it had been a Louis Quinze reception room in pink and gold. A young girl, younger even than herself, sat in an easy chair by the window and smiled up at him.

"This is Lucille, my sister," Virginia said simply. Crane's quick eyes noticed the slim pair of crutches leaning beside the chair. He knew why she had posed at Ribaut's and Vivon's, why she had not hidden her poverty and starved in silent pride.

The next time he came he brought flowers for Lucille, and a new, grateful friendliness flashed in the other's blue eyes.

It became a regular thing, that walk home from Vivon's to the Rue des Coeurs Chaires. She showed him some of her sketches, and Crane promptly took a bunch under his arm and hawked them around the art stores with a devout persistency his own had never known. Before a month had passed she had picked up odd work coloring pen and ink proofs for one of the weeklies, and at last there came a day when she left Vivon's for good, and the future was full of hope.

"And we shall see, la-la-la; we shall see now," laughed Yvette. "He is in earnest, le gros Crane. The wedding bells will go ding-a-ling, and the little white faced Virginia will have roses in her cheeks."

"It's all your doing," Virginia told him that night when they parted at her door. "I was worn out and heart-sick that day when I fainted, and you cheered me, and—and—" She faltered and held out her hand to him. There was a five franc piece in it. "Please take it back," she said. "Vivon told me, and I think it was just splendid of you."

Crane flushed hotly, but he took it. He knew her pride and that to her it was a debt of honor.

"And after today, what?" he asked.

"I shall miss the walk home, and you will forget Vivon's and me."

She bent her head low over the bunch of pink roses he had given her